

THE LUTE.

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MISS ELEANOR REES.

THERE has ever been a connection existing between the Royal Academy of Music and the Principality, an association which has proved beneficial to both. Gifted sons and daughters of Wales have prized the benefits derived at the Institution as highly as the directors thereof have valued the advantages of having to train young people with talents out of which artists are so readily formed. During the last quarter of a century the most successful singers that the Academy has introduced to the notice of the public have been Welsh pupils. Miss Edith Wynne was followed by Miss Mary Davies, and now Miss Eleanor Rees is at the present moment aiding to uphold in the wide world of art the honour of Cambria. This young lady, a native of Neath, entering the Royal Academy about seven years ago, was placed under the care of Mr. William Shakespeare, and profiting by his instruction gained the Westmoreland Scholarship in 1884. Her voice, so rich in quality, and extensive in compass, could not fail in attracting special attention, even though heard in rivalry with the beautiful tones of English girls. But, as Miss Rees had a still rarer endowment, an artistic temperament enabling her to give expression to varied sentiments and passions, she soon distanced most of her fellow-students, and now has become a favourite with *habituees* of the public concert-room. At some of the most important musical events of the present season, Miss Eleanor Rees will assist, and in the autumn will, as contralto of the troupe, accompany Madame Adelina Patti on her provincial tour.

CURRENT NOTES.

DESTITUTE alike of religious sentiment and musical feeling must be the man who could listen to Bach's Passion music without emotion. In the immediate as well as in the remote past priestly teachers were in the habit of regarding music in churches with toleration on account of the necessary relief it afforded those engaged in what were deemed the more important functions of reading and preaching. Now, happily, our clerical guides are beginning to discover that the holy mysteries find their most befitting exponent and truest illustration in that which claims, and sometimes with consistency, to be called "The divine art." What other medium is there indeed able to convey gospel truths so free from mundane impurities as that of music? What power else can so instantly unlock the soul's gates for the reception of the affecting narrative of the Saviour's sufferings? What other art devised by mortals can wing the words of the Evangelist with force so spiritual and irresistible? That the product of Sebastian Bach's genius has proved equal to these things none present in our metropolitan church on the evening of Tuesday in Holy Week could entertain a doubt.

In the performance of the music set to "St. Matthew's Passion," events upon which hinged the happiness of Adam's race were placed before the mind's eye with such clearness as though celestial light was being shed upon them. There seemed indeed about the proceedings something of mystery, since each executant was so far removed from the congregation in the vast nave of the cathedral as to give rise to the notion of impersonality, the singing of voice alone appealing to the mind of the worshipper. In this way the words of Christ appeared to be set free from association with mere humanity; they fell upon the ear as

though they came from other than worldly lips. Then, how awful seemed the raging of the populace, notably when demanding the release of Barabbas, and the death of Him who knew no sin. While the interpreters, both vocal and instrumental, were, generally speaking, beyond the reach of adverse criticism, the members of the congregation who could sing, on the other hand, failed in fulfilling their duties and in using their privileges, for when the chorales expressing sympathy and sorrow as well as thankfulness were being sung they, for the most part, maintained a stolid indifference or stony silence, and thereby broke the comprehensive unity of the work.

ALTHOUGH music in religious observances of Good Friday does not take any conspicuous part, it obtains almost a monopoly in the keeping of that anniversary in a popular manner. Subdued and hushed in church and chapel, it is made the means of entertaining the multitude in places of public resort. Within the Crystal Palace on last Good Friday harmonious sounds flooded the wide-enclosed space as though they were bent upon instituting a rivalry between themselves and the sun's rays, which uninterruptedly streamed through the roof of the vast edifice. While providing shelter from rain, the building offers no obstacle, not even a shadow, to the full enjoyment of glorious sunshine. Had the cheering beams been able at the same time to screen from mortals the biting east-wind the place would have been altogether delightful. As it happened the sun, in tempering with kindly heat the keen air, opened the way for the cruel wind to strike all the more deadly at the weakly or incautious of the holiday folk. The company present, however, seemed unmindful of danger, being absorbed in the pleasures of music.

Hours before the time appointed for the afternoon concert in the great transept a crowd of visitors were content to turn their backs upon the gardens of the Palace, and to sit patiently for Mr. August Manns to ascend the platform to conduct the performance regarded as the great event of the day. At a signal from him the multitude arose from their seats to join in singing "The Old Hundredth Psalm." Then piece after piece was sung by the solo artists, Miss Macintyre giving "Hear ye Israel;" Madame Patey, "O rest in the Lord;" Mr. Piercy, "If with all our hearts;" Mr. Watkin Mills, "It is enough;" and Signor Foli, "Is not His word like a fire," all excerpts from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Amongst successful efforts must be ranked Miss Anna Williams' singing of the solo in "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The concert concluded as it began with a hymn for the people.

ON Good Friday, 1759, Handel, the immortal composer of the *Messiah*, died, an event of which the visitors to Morley Hall were reminded when assembling there on the 4th ult., to listen to the solemn strains of the "sacred oratorio," performed by members of the Hackney Choral Society, assisted by the soloists, Miss Hardy, Madame Williams, Mr. James Gawthrop, and Mr. Webb, with Mr. Warner as conductor.

HANDEL'S *Messiah* was also performed at the Albert Hall on Good Friday by the Royal Choral Society, the members of which gave a truly magnificent interpretation of the choruses therein. It might fairly be said the number, "For unto us," has never been delivered by this body of amateurs with greater effect than on this occasion, the "divisions" being sung with unfailing accuracy, and the outburst on the words, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the



Mighty God" with astonishing power. Equal majesty of tone was brought to bear upon the "Hallelujah," and the finale, "Amen." The recitations and airs lost nothing of their beauty by being entrusted to the artistic care of Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills; while the Conductor, Mr. Barnby, guided his forces throughout with unerring skill.

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AT the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of the 5th ult., a new symphony by Mr. Lamond was produced with considerable success. It should be stated that it had previously been given at Glasgow, where it was received with acclamation. A more trying ordeal, however, awaited it at Sydenham, as the audience there was not made up exclusively of ardent Scotchmen, eager to hail the work of a young fellow countryman as an undoubted revelation of genius. Nevertheless, the symphony won the favour of amateurs privileged with the education afforded by listening week after week to great orchestral works performed under the direction of Mr. August Manns. Recognising the beauty of themes treated with such masterly art they were not slow in awarding the author, Mr. Lamond, a full measure of applause. More than this, a wish was generally expressed that the new symphony should be placed in some future programme kept free from disturbances such as those encountered on the eve of Easter-day.

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ON Thursday evening, April 18, the grand saloon of the Crystal Palace was occupied by the Bohemian Musical Society, the members of which were then appropriating the last meeting of the winter season of 1889-90, to music adapted to the taste of ladies and gentlemen honouring the occasion with their presence. With some exceptions the list of pieces was worthy the attention of amateurs, and the performance deserving of the applause bestowed. Especially good was the singing of Mr. Dalgetty Henderson and Alfred Moore, whose zeal as directors of the flourishing Society was acknowledged by setting apart the evening to give those gentlemen a complimentary benefit. It is beyond our power to point out what special benefit accrued to them, excepting the good feeling expressed in applause from friends appreciating their labours in providing the neighbourhood with an entertainment, social, and to some extent artistic.

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. William Boosey, announced the order of the music performed. Balf's serenade, "Good Night, Beloved," was sung in capital style by Mr. Dalgetty Henderson; and Benedict's scena, "Rage, thou Angry Storm," was declaimed with forcible emphasis by Mr. Lucas Williams. Amongst other vocalists who assisted were Miss Effie Clements, Miss Henderson, Mr. Arthur Thomas, and Mr. Braxton Smith. Instrumental solos were given by Miss Mary Chatterton, Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Brousil, the pianists being Messrs. Harrison, Hedgecock, Margetson, and Fagge. There were recitations galore, and many comic songs, which, to tell truth, were either prosy or vulgar. Perhaps some day the Commissioner of Police will see the necessity of extending the order of muzzling, since there are calamities other than those inflicted on suffering humanity by demented members of the canine race.

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As the concert given by the Orpheus Glee Society of Bristol is taking place whilst we are in the act of going to press, our remarks anent the singing of this fine body of amateurs are necessarily postponed till the next issue of THE LUTE.

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THE Royal Choral Society gave a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's popular work, *The Golden Legend*, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd ult.

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THE Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave its last subscription concert of the season, 1889-90, on Tuesday evening, April 22nd, at St. James's Hall, when Schubert's Symphony, No. 5, was included in the programme, the vocalist being Miss Minnie Chamberlain, and the conductor Mr. George Kitchen.

MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR's annual concert took place on Monday, April 21st, when the promising young baritone was supported by able vocalists and instrumentalists.

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A CONCERT of chamber music was given at the Princes' Hall on Wednesday evening, April 23rd, by Miss Dora Bright, who was assisted by Madame Clara Samuell, Mr. Arthur Thompson, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, Miss Cecilia Gate, and Mr. Whitehouse.

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FOR the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, held on Thursday evening, April 24th, a new symphony by Dvorak was announced, with Mozart's immortal "Jupiter" symphony.

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ALL persons interested in that beneficent institution, the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road, have been gratified with the readiness with which the members of the Royal Orchestral Society placed their services at the disposal of the charity. Under such favourable circumstances, the concert held on Wednesday, April 30th, at St. James's Hall, could scarcely have been other than successful.

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MADAME FRICKENHAUS gave a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall, on Saturday, April 19th, when the programme, embracing Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, with works by Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, received an interpretation in all respects excellent from the hands of one of the most accomplished pianists of the day.

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MR. GEORGE PERREN, an artist for many years held in great favour upon the operatic stage as well as on the concert-platform, has been induced to emerge from his retirement to sing at a concert given on Friday, April 18th, at the Brighton Pavilion, by Miss Evelyn Padwick. The songs selected for his re-appearance before the public were, "Come into the Garden, Maud" (Balf), and "Alice, where art thou?" (Ascher), both pieces requiring for effective interpretation a freedom over the higher register of the voice as well as an intensity of expression. That Mr. Perren is still in possession of those qualities which formerly enabled him to do so much justice to the songs named, shows convincingly that the love and practice of the vocal art are still part and parcel of his daily life. Of Miss Padwick's gifts and acquirements we shall have future occasion to speak.

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SOME little surprise is encountered by the amateur horticulturist when discovering amongst his carefully cultured plants a blossom characteristic of the species in an early stage of its history. Instead of whorl upon whorl of petals he sees but a single circle, and in lieu of variegated colours merely neutral tints, the individual plant having, after years and years of development, thrown off just such a flower as that which marked the primitive state of the species. In like manner the musical amateur regarded the programme of Mr. Henschel's "Young People's Orchestral Concert," for here was also found a reversion—to an order of things which flourished a score of years ago. Instead of ponderous themes, like foliage too heavy for frail branches to support, and too dense to allow sunlight to enter, he finds musical subjects so faultlessly draped as to display the exquisite forms beneath—examples of art without signs either of immaturity or decay.

This leads one to ask: Is not the title, "Young People's Concerts" somewhat misleading? It might carry the notion that the music is childish, or that the performers are children; whereas neither of these conditions was observed. On the contrary, compositions of the highest order were interpreted by fifty experienced and able executants. By the wildest stretch of imagination Bach's orchestral suite in D, which opened the concert, cannot be brought within the category of puerile music. For is not the overture, with its learned fugue and rich harmonies of a noble character? And surely the art displayed in the movement termed an "air," with its

distinct upper melodies simultaneously moving upon a figure sustained by the bass, is too intricate to be recognised, much less understood, by a mere tyro. Such things as these cannot be regarded as food for babes. Yet, for all that, they are amongst the very best works that can be placed before the student as examples of pure and classic art.

Had we space at disposal this notice might with pleasure and profit be enlarged to include remarks on the symphony of the afternoon, which was none other than that by Haydn in the key of G (numbered XIII. by Breitkopf and Härtel); as well as on the ballet music by Gluck, and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; each and all of which were performed in a style so admirable as to afford delight to young and old, to gentle and simple alike. The singing of Mrs. Henschel must not be passed without a word of thankful acknowledgment, since her rendering of songs, one by Schubert, another by Schumann, and a third by Brahms, was replete with tenderness and grace. Nor must the piano-accompaniments of her husband be forgotten, for it was in this department rather than in any other branch of his many sided art, that Mr. Henschel attained undoubted excellence. With rare tact combined with consummate knowledge the analytical programme had been prepared by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

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"WHEN short of dialogue fall back upon screaming," seemed to have been the instructions given by the authors, Messrs. Felix Remo and Malcolm Watson, to the actresses employed on the task of introducing at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday evening, April 5th, a new vaudeville, entitled *The Sentry*. It was not long before the ladies were compelled to follow this sage direction, for words, after all, have some kind of connection with ideas, of which there were few of any sort in the piece, and none of any consequence whatever. The bride of "Colonel Pettigrew" had as little to say as the discarded lover of that disreputable old warrior, but both ladies made ample amends by screeching, a throat and lung exercise in which they were joined by "Peggy," the sweetheart of the Irish soldier on sentry duty. By way of change there was just a little singing. "Peggy" expressed her love in a melody written by Mr. Ivor Caryll; and "Jim O'Brien," the hero of the piece, to wile away time, recited in merry fashion about a lady and her pigs. How could the audience fail in obtaining delight from such things? As a matter of fact they were so charmed as to summon the brace of playwrights before the curtain to receive applause. However, the more sensible amongst the company had compensation in the performance of the *Red Hussar*, the opera which followed, since the singing and acting of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Ben Davis were, as always in this work, thoroughly enjoyab'e.

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MR. WILLIAM CARTER "holds the fort" on festival days at the Royal Albert Hall; and never, perhaps, had fuller and richer provision been made for holiday folk than that prepared for Easter Monday. Unfortunately the most inviting items of his programme could not be enjoyed to the utmost, as pieces set down therein for Mr. Sims Reeves were not sung by him, the veteran tenor being unable, owing to an attack of bronchitis, to leave his home. Naturally, the audience were disappointed at losing an opportunity of hearing the renowned vocalist, and regret with many was intensified by the announcement that on this occasion he would take farewell of Mr. Carter's patrons. Another trouble presented itself when Signor Foli, making signs of throat distress, abruptly left the platform before finishing "The Brave Old Oak," the song he was in the act of singing. Happily, the ailment proving only of a temporary character, the popular basso was, after the lapse of a few minutes, able to return, to re-commence and this time to bring the truly English air to a successful conclusion.

To keep, under these untoward circumstances, the holiday audience in good humour, was no easy task, but Mr. Iver McKay accomplished it by appealing to them with the most attractive art at his disposal. They were

delighted with his rendering of "Dear Heart" (Tito Mattei), and grateful for the readiness with which he came forward to sing as an encore the martial air, "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," from Wallace's *Maritana*. A great effect was also produced by the singing of Madame Belle Cole in Frank Moir's charming ballad, "The Bridge of Gold." Besides aid from the band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards, as well as from his own choir, Mr. Carter was assisted in carrying out the programme by Miss Josephine Simon, Miss Beata Francis, M. Tivadar Nachez, Mr. Churchill Sibley, and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz.

* * *

A MERRY little piece, entitled "Carnival Time," was produced on Easter Monday at the German Reed entertainment, held, as usual, in St. George's Hall. Of course the plot is slight; but though simple in construction, the work is far from being silly, and farther still from being vulgar. It is not intended for the delectation of habitués of "music-halls," but for the amusement of that section of the public seeking mirth that is not flavoured with doubtful ingredients. The story tells of a journey to Spain undertaken by Benjamin Braid, a retired London tradesman, for the purpose of opposing the marriage of Joyce Somers, his niece and ward, with Charles Kingsford, a naval officer with nothing but good looks and small pay for fortune. Having kept a tailor's shop for many years in Regent Street, the old gentleman is not so charmed with a smart uniform as his pretty young relative. Familiarity with blue cloth and gold lace has cleared away from highly decorated garments the glamour apt to lead astray the judgment of the inexperienced. With him an officer's uniform is only a superior kind of livery; in the eyes of the maiden it is the glorious badge of a grand gentleman. Whilst being employed in unravelling the threads with which Cupid had entangled the young people, Benjamin Braid himself is caught in the toils of love, since a buxom widow, "Doña Carmen de la Carreta," has been busy spreading a net for him from which escape is hopeless.

In the performance a great deal of merriment was caused by the terror of the whilom tradesman, lest the nature of his former occupation should be discovered; and much fun also by the state of worry he was kept in owing to anxiety about the safety of his travelling bag. Yet the comic element did not so much absorb the interest of the audience as to render them oblivious of the merits of music composed for the piece by Mr. Corney Grain. All the songs were listened to with keen appreciation, and some warmly applauded, while the quasi-Spanish air, "I'm a Gitana," was loudly encored. Miss Fanny Holland as the widow, Miss Kate Tully as Joyce Somers, Mr. Avalon Collard as Charles Kingsford, Mr. J. C. Mackay as Pepito, and Mr. Alfred German Reed as Benjamin Braid, sang and acted in such capital style as to win unqualified success for "Carnival Time."

Determining to offer at Easter time as many attractions as possible, the managers of the Reed Entertainment placed before the public another novelty in the shape of a new musical sketch, entitled "Tommy at College," by Mr. Corney Grain. A very merry fellow this Tommy proved. True, his sayings betrayed neglect of studies, and his doings disregard of the sobrieties of monastic life, yet did not his conduct for all that show him to be a kind and generous host? At any rate Tommy's peculiarities as portrayed by Mr. Corney Grain in a series of songs amused the audience greatly.

* * *

ONE of the most striking features of musical society of the present day is the activity of amateurs devoted to orchestral works. Wherever a few players are thrown by chance together, there in brief space of time will start up a band numerous if not complete. Especially is this the case in suburban districts where the want of recreation is severely felt during winter months. Also in Central London, alive at night with all kinds of amusements, societies are continually being formed for the cultivation and practice of instrumental music. Many commercial houses have now their band meeting weekly for rehearsal; and even the Stock Exchange, consisting of a body of men whose occupations do not specially favour the "concord of

sweet sounds," has its fully appointed orchestra. Not to be behind hand the gentlemen engaged at "Private Banks" are hastening to share in the enjoyment the art affords.

On Saturday evening, the 12th ult., the "Dramatic and Musical Society" connected with these establishments gave a concert in Princes' Hall. Forming an orchestra of eighty executants they rendered Haydn's Symphony, "The Military," Reinecke's entr'acte, "Manfred," and other pieces of a kindred nature in a style which gave promise of future worth. That perfection, or anything approaching it, was attained, cannot with truth be averred, but there was, for all that, ever present a body of tone out of which a conductor might by shaping and polishing transform into "a thing of beauty." Miss Sybil Palisser, a pianist in her teens, gave a remarkably fine performance of the solo part in Mendelssohn's capriccio in B minor for orchestra and pianoforte. In the midst of much that was indistinct and hesitating, her playing was clear and decided. Like a born leader she showed the orchestral forces the way to follow, and had they been able to keep steadily to the path pointed out the end arrived at would have been altogether satisfactory. Let amateurs not be disheartened at being told that the level reached by professors cannot be gained by those who merely pursue music for pastime. There is still left, however, the consciousness that while obtaining pleasure for themselves they are doing service by affording enjoyment to uncritical friends.

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THEIR Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, has signified their intention of being present at the concert to be given on behalf of the Morley House Convalescent Home, by the students of the Guildhall School of Music, on Saturday, May 10th, at the Albert Hall.

* * *

IT is with pleasure we announce that the Common Council has granted Mr. Weist Hill, the able and esteemed principal of the Guildhall School of Music, three months leave of absence, in order that he may recruit his health, lately imperilled by the severe surgical operation he has undergone. The best wishes of professors and the music-loving public will attend him in his temporary retirement.

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A NEW and original comic opera, entitled, *The Marquis de Millefleur*, the libretto of which has been written by Mr. W. H. P. Stevens, and the music composed by Mr. Edward Solomon, is, we understand, already in the hands of the purchasers, Messrs. Enoch, of Great Marlborough Street.

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MADAME ALBANI will leave New York for London on the 17th of the present month.

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THE Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, will visit London during the present season.

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IN the course of the present month a performance of Gounod's *Faust* will be given by the students of the Guildhall School of Music.

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AN English version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, was announced for performance at Westminster Town Hall, on the 26th ult., the part of the heroine being undertaken by Lady Maidstone. That justice was done to Mendelssohn's music will be taken for granted when we state that Mr. Barnby was prevailed upon to make himself answerable for its just interpretation.

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A SYMPHONY in G minor by Mr. C. E. Stephens was down in Mr. Stockley's programme for performance at Birmingham on the 24th ult.

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A WELCOME so enthusiastic as that which has been accorded the Carl Rosa Opera Company, located during the last month in Drury Lane Theatre, naturally gives rise to assurances that Londoners are at last disposed to

grant permanent support to an enterprise having for its object the nightly production of English music-drama. Obviously, the formation of a repertory consisting entirely of works by native writers and composers is a task which demands the labour of years. At present there are but few operas by British musicians in which the public take any lively interest. Hence the need of falling back upon foreign pieces, with merely the words translated into English. Under conditions so adverse to national aspirations, Mr. Augustus Harris was constrained to put upon Drury Lane stage during the first week of the brief season now transpiring no less than four French pieces, to wit, *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*, by Gounod; *Carmen*, by Bizet; and *Mignon*, by Ambrose Thomas. Happily, room in the programme was found for one native product, and as a matter of course that was Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*.

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REGARDING the representation of these pieces, little else than praise can be recorded. Each of the operas was put upon the stage in a way showing conclusively that Mr. Harris's managerial abilities were equal to the resources at his command, the scenery being artistic, the appointments sumptuous, and the dresses superb. To please the eye with exhibitions of luxury and the judgment with appropriate arrangements, has evidently been the aim of the director. The chorus is both numerous and well trained; and at all times its members bear themselves in attitude and movement as though ever under the guidance of one who knew how to bring a crowd upon the stage, and how to take it off again without fuss or confusion. Then, the instrumentalists are to a man thoroughly capable of carrying out the intentions of their conductor, Mr. Goossens. As to the principal singers, they are for the most part artists of established reputation; and amongst those strange to metropolitan audiences are some who bid fair to be able eventually to lift themselves, if only by means of nature's gifts, into public favour.

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MDLLE. ZELIA DE LUSSAN, an artist hitherto but little known in London, made on the opening night, April 5th, an instant impression on the audience in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* by an earnest and a graceful impersonation of the ill-fated bride. Mr. John Child on Easter Monday won the good wishes of all present by displaying in the music of Thaddeus, the hero of Balfe's popular opera, not only a fine voice, but taste and feeling also. And Miss Fanny Moody in the title part of *Mignon*, acquitted herself both vocally and histrionically so as to obtain most encouraging applause. Of course Madame Georgina Burns, Mr. Leslie Crotty, and Mr. Barton McGuckin maintained the reputation they have for years enjoyed.

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On Tuesday, April 22, the Carl Rosa Opera Company brought out at Drury Lane Theatre a new opera, entitled "Thorgrim," written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and composed by Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, with great and deserved success. On a future occasion there will be more space at our disposal for the discussion of the merits of this interesting work. In the meantime amateurs should lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with this earnest and important contribution to the limited repertory of English operas.

* * *

IT is with deep sorrow we announce the death of Mr. John Barnett, the celebrated composer. For the last 50 years the deceased musician had been a resident of Cheltenham, where he was held in highest esteem by all who came in contact with him. Those bound to him by ties of friendship, a privilege the present writer enjoyed for nearly 40 years, loved him for his many virtues, his generosity and sincerity, his manliness and faithfulness, his conscientiousness and industry, his patience and courage. Sad it is that the tongue which could entertain with recital of personal events happening in very early years of the century is for ever silenced, that the pen which so unceasingly recorded thoughts of beauty is finally laid aside. *Requiescat in pace.*



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Also published separately. PRICE 3d
TONIC SOL-FA 2d

"BLESSED BE THE NAME."

Anthem.

Psalm CXI. ver. 2 5.

do. CXIII. ver. 2.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, G^t MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

F. RICKMAN.

Organ { Gt. p Ped

Treble. The works of the Lord are great

Alto. The works of the Lord are great

Tenor. The works of the Lord are great

Bass. The works of the Lord are great

P. & W. 1510

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LUTE NO 89

5

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LUTE NO. 89

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Blessed be the Name . . . of the Lord
Name . . . the Name . . . Blessed be the Name . . . of the Lord
Blessed be the Name . . . the Name . . . of the Lord
Name . . . of the Lord . . .
be the Name of the Lord from this time forth for e - ver
Name the . . . Name of the Lord from this time forth for e - ver
be the Name of the Lord from this time forth for e - ver
Name the . . . Name of the Lord from this time forth for e - ver

Slower.

more A - - men
more A - - men
more A - - men
more A - - men





FRANK L. MOIR.